Twelve Pages.

Wednesday, October 3, 1888.

Extracts from Christian Neighbor

True vs False Charity.

Christians, yes, real Christians, are often very harsh in their judgments of had been the years of his life. each other. One has climbed to higher heights than another, and because of Jacob to Pharaoh by Joseph was that other cannot view life from the judged to be a matter proper for record same elevated standpoint he is held to in the Pentateuch, it may be excusabe no Christian at all. One has attain- ble for the editor to say in the Chrised a greater strength than another, TIAN NEIGHBOR that on last Sabbath and because of the weakness, the ap- day, September 23, 1888, he was sixtyparent frivolity of the other he is nine years old. Nearly forty-three thought to be utterly given up to hard- years of my life I have been preachness of heart. One of singularly pure ing the gospel, and nearly twenty-one and unselfish mind finds himself re- years of the forty-three have been edjoicing to give up some pleasure or iting and publishing the Christian

least-will grudgingly or ungraciously me to live and work, yet a review of bestow a benefit. "When Christ is what I have done in these years leaves shining upon the heart, then these vir- me to regret that I have not done more tues are manifested there by one Chris- and that what has been done was not tian grace of one description, by anoth- better done causes me to feel humbled

"We obtained are attoring ought to Griffin, I joined them and a large part of the spirit of the spir

"How Old art Thou ?"--- Pharaoh to

In olden time it seems that people were not as sensitive on age as they are nowadays. At least the question of age appears to have been not incompatible with the etiquette of Pharaoh when he inquired of Jacob, "How old art thou?" Jacob answered that he was "an hundred and thirty years," and added that "few and evil"

If this incident of the introduction even necessity for the good of another. NEIGHBOR. While I am thankful to A second Christian-one in name at the God of my life that he has spared

ties are manifested there by one Christian grace of one description, by another of another, according to their different receptivity and natural temperament, just as, when the sun is shining, colors are thrown upon a landscape, and reflected by the different objects in different proportions."

How I should spend the day, God willing, was arranged a few days before them that are strong ought to Griffin, I joined them and a large per cent of the 675 inmates of the Asylum, the sun time infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves," said Paul. What is liberty for one is license for another. Each must learn his own meants before seen for another. Each must learn his own the weakness, each must recognize with humility his own strength, or that wherein the first may walk. Let not one Christian deem another as wholly outside the faith because the latter not yet discerns the highest lessons of the law of love. On the other than the latter not yet discerns the highest lessons of the law of love. On the other than the latter not yet discerns the highest lessons of the law of love. On the other than the latter not yet discerns the highest lessons of the law of love. On the other than the latter not yet discerns the highest lessons of the law of love. On the other latter not yet discerns the highest lessons of the law of love. On the other latter not yet discerns the highest lessons of the law of love. On the other latter not yet discerns the highest lessons of the law of love. On the other latter not yet discerns the highest lessons of the law of love. On the other latter not yet discerns the highest lessons of the law of love. On the other latter not yet discerns the highest lessons of the law of love. On the other latter not yet discerns the highest lessons of the law of love. On the other latter not yet discerns the highest lessons of the law of love. On the other latter not yet discerns the highest lessons of the law of love. On the other latter not yet discerns the highest lessons of the law of love. On the ot

The greater parties of the people in the terred and elegional theorems with they are so totter in the heater of the deather. A great program of the proper departure, and in its lateral and elegional theorems are consistently from the Rev. Pr. Tatellock or "one, and the proper departure, and in its lateral and elegional theorems are consistently from the leaf proper departure, and in its lateral and elegional throughout the same than the same and the properties of the leaf prope

Love's Litany.

Helpless! alone I stand! Give me your hand.
Lead me across life's turmoil and despair!
Take me away to Love's sweet blossom-land,
Out of this uarkness into light and air!
Give me your hand! to wander thro' my hair,
To pass across my forehead; let it touch
My lips, just once, that murmur you are fair
And tender, Sweet! I do not ask for much—
Give me your hand! Give me your hand!

Midnight has closed me round! Give me your That I may wake to see life's loveliness,

And gaze into a mirrored Paradise,
Where we may wander on, no less! no less;
Give me your eyes! that I may look you
through through, Unfold your soul, discover how your hear

rembles at love's awakening. Ah you You will be merciful! Ere I depart Give me your eyes!

Behold your suppliant! Give me your heart All that is in it that is very pure, Your woman's sanctity; the counterpart Of gifts the angels gave you that endure! Give me your heart! that I may set it round With pearls of prayer, and rosaries recite Of deep thanksgiving! Let me feel Pve found A way to peace out of life's dark night! Give me your heart!

'Love is Stronger than Death.

(FOUNDED ON FACTS) -- BY P. L. A.

PART I.

On an eminence overlooking Little River, in the western part of this County, in antebellum days, was situated a large, brick mansion almost surrounded by trees. Everything bespoke wealth and magnificence. It was the home of one of Carolina's lordly planters. Generally it was the abode of gayety, but to night all was quiet, and a deathly stillness pervaded the place. As the moonbeams fell over the stalely oaks, it imparted even to them, a calm, solitary aspect. Standing there in their grandeur, boary with age, they looked like the sentinels of night, guarding the beautiful structure beneath their shadows. Within, nothing could be heard, except sometimes a low whisper and a gentle foot-fall. An air of mystery and awe was abroad, for the spirit of the master of that fair domain was passing from earth to eternity.

In one of the large rooms stood, three men

Would he crush his own deep love and plead for Col. Durant? No, he would not help another, not even Lols, but he would go far away; and would try to forget her. Must he give her up, must he see her another's bride! O heaven, in thy meroy spare me such a sight. Rather would I die a thousand deaths than see her another man's wife!

Such were the wild thoughts that rushed through his brain, chilling his very soul with bitter angulsh.

'Twas the eve before his departure; to-morrow he must leave all he loved on earth and cast his lot in a far western land. He went in the garden where he and Lois had spent so many happy hours. As he brooded over the bright past, his soul sickened as he thought of the dreary future. His lips quivered, his heart grew faint, for to-morrow he must sever from her, whom his soul held dearer than all the world besides.

Would he tell of his wild longings, his mad love for her; would he tell her that in all the world, she was the-only one he wished to call wife? He heard a slight rustle and saw her coming toward him. She was attired in robes white and soft as the evening clouds; her pale sweet face, her melancholy look, unmanned him. Yes, he would tell her all, he would learn his fate, be it for weal or be it for woe.

She came up to him and looked at him with

woe.
She came up to him and looked at him with eyes, whose every glance was such that it thrilled his heart—his soul was enraptured at the sight of her. He drew her to him, and began in his low dreamy volce,
"Lois, will you sometimes think of me when you are another's bride? Will you shed one tear for "Brother Harold" when he is far away? Will you sometimes think of me and love me, Lois?"
Did she guess the truth, was there some-

love me, Lois?"
Did she guess the truth, was there something in his blue, truthful eyes that would haunt her forever? Would she ever ask herself again in anguish, "does he love me?" Never again could she persuade herself that it was only a brother's love he cherished for her, there was love in the sadness of his tones; love in the pressure of the hand that needed no words to confirm her. It was some moments before she spoke—there was a secret in her own heart that required courage to

again?" She sat down at the piano and began a low song; 'twas a habit of hers when troubled to give vent to her feelings in music. Suddenly the door opened and Col. Durant stood on the threshold. He went up to her, clasped her in his arms and exclaimed.

"My beautiful darling, I've come to ask you to name the day when you'll be mine. I am tired of life without you."

She shrank from his embrace as she would have recoiled from a serpent.

She shrank from his embrace as she would have recoiled from a serpent.

"Col. Durant," she replied, "do not touch me; I do not love you; I was feolish to have promised to marry you; I can not do it."

"My darling child," he went on, as a shadow passed over his dark face, "you cannot break your promise to the dead; you would not do that."

Then with a penetrating look as if to read her very soul, he asked in a hard voice,
"Do you love another?"

"That is a question I refuse to answer, from the fact that it can not concern you, as I never will marry you."

"You must not be false to the dead; it was your father's dying prayer. I can give you wealth, love and every thing heart could desire; come to my heart Lois, for I love you as man never loved before, I offer you a pure, unsullied love. "Its no boyish fancy that will soon grow cold, but a man's love, mature and true. Will you darling?"

"Col. Durant, I do not love you and I will not marry you."

"The street of the control of the co

He did not follow her: his pride was humbled, and he swore in his madness he would be revenged, if the hour should ever comewhen she was in his power; he would make her repent her cruel words on bended knees, How little did he think that the hour he so mighad for was so pearly come!

her repent her cruel words on bended knees, How little did he think that the hour he so wished for was so nearly come!

The last day of September had come—to—morrow she must bid adien to the haunts of her childhood, must begin her drama on the stage of life. When evening came she seated herself on the rustic garden seat where Harold had first whispered his love; and in fancy saw again those brave, true eyes; felt again the soft pressure of his lips, and saw again the handsome form of her lover far away in other lands. With the tears streaming down her cheeks, where vied the lily with the rose, she murmured softly,

"O beautiful moon, as you sail on in your journey through the blue vault of heaven, bear some message to my darling in those far away Western fields! Shed one loving ray over him to-night for me. And shining stars, sweet forget-me-nots of the angels, watch over my own Harold and bring him safely back to me!"

Her solllouy ended, she arose and slowly.

nyour father's dying prayer. I can give you wealth, love and every thing heart could destre; come to my heart Lois, for I love you as man never loved before, I offer you a pure unsullied love. 'It's no boyshs fancy that will soon grow cold, but a man's love, mature and true. Will you darling?''

"Col. Durant, I do not love you and I will not marry you."

"Lois, listen to me," he pleaded, his face pale with emotion. "I have loved you since you were a child. It has been the one dream of my life to call you wife. You can not live alone, every thing here is lawfully mine; you have no home; marry me, and you shall ever reign here as my adored wife. Come to me darling, you will learn to love me, the force of my great love will awaken a similar feeling in your breast."

"No, I will never love you. I'm aware that it in a short time I will be thrown upon the cold world, but thank Heaven I am equal to the seessity! I would not marry you for the world. I thought i had friendship for you, but the world. I thought i had friendship for you are not the one I love."

"Ah, there is some one you love! false not only to me, but false to the dead. Who is the happy possessor of your heart, I would fain know?" he asked with a sneer and a gleam in this dark eyes.

His words almost unnerved her, but with that calm dignity that is peculiar to woman, the calm dignity that is peculiar to woman, the calm dignity that is peculiar to woman, the answered, her voice tinged with contempt." His words almost unnerved ber, but with that calm dignity that is peculiar to woman, the answered, her voice tinged with contempt. "The title over him, it is a short time of the strength enough to be true even to the dead, not firm enough to be true even to the dead, not firm enough to be true even to the dead, not firm enough to be true even to the dead, not firm enough to be true even to the dead, not firm enough to be true even to the dead, not firm enough to be true even to the dead, not firm enough to be true even to the dead, not firm enough to be true ne!" Her soliloquy ended, she arose and slowly

"All that once in pleasure met Now is pain and sorrow: The brilliant day has quickly set In night with dreary morrow. "Where'er I sojourn, sad, forlorn,
In forest, mead, or hill;
Whether at the dawn of morn,
Or vesper hour so still—
My sorrowing heart shall beat for thee,
This absent one, I ne'er shall see!

When slumbering on my couch I lie, And dreams the past reveal, Thy form, beloved, seems ever nigh, Thy fond caress I feel."